

The Lady's Ramble:

O R, THE

Female Night-walker.

WHEN *Sol* with his Beams, had the Meadows Adorn'd,
And *Venus* with Pleasure the Ladies had Warm'd;
When Nature and Art with a mutual Consent,
Had conjoin'd their Charms to give Females Content;
When the heat of the *Sun*, with the Lust of the *Flesh*,
Had ripen'd the Mind, to the Sport you may Guess,
Then Sitting alone in a pleasant green Grove,
I was strangely surpriz'd by a Lady of Love,
Whose sudden Appearance amazed my Thought,
Such a number of Charms along with her she brought,
Wou'd have riss'd a Saint of his modest Design,
Tho his Vertue had ten times been stronger than mine;
And to tell you the Truth, without minding the matter,
I wish'd to be Doing, and long to be at her;
But just as I thought to begin my Address,
She began in this manner her self to Express:
Dear Frind (quoth the Lady) I see you have Grace,
By the Blushes and Smiles that appear in your Face;
I know you are Eager to be at the Sport,
And never consider the Price you pay for't;
I've found by Experience (tho none of you Sex,)
'Tis the Devil call'd *Love*, does your Patience perplex;
But since you appear but to make a beginning,
And seems like a Saint, that thinks long to be Sining;
I'll give you Account of the Tricks of a Miss,
And what Wonders are done by the charms of a Kiss:

When the *Sun* takes his Leave, and with draweth his Light,
And Beasts they prepare for Intrigues of the Night;
We put on our Masks and repair to a Play,
And there we appear in our Splendour most Gay,
Show a glance of our Skin, to the Fop that sits by,
And it makes him request what we never deny:
Tho indeed, to put Edge on his eager Intent,
We seem to refuse, while we give our Consent,
And this subtil-Intreigue, makes him think he has won,
The greatest of Conquests got under the *Sun*:
For Modesty mix'd with Lascivious Charms,
Is the Magick that brings the dull Fools to our Arms,
How happy are they when we give them a Smile,
Altho we are Picking their Pockets the while:
If I miss at the Play, (as I seldom have done,)
I make it my Business to ramble the Town;
But with such Discretion, if Bracles oppose,
I give them a Bribe and they'r never my Foes,
By a kind of Commission I kidnap'd the Fools,
And Liv'd on the Spoil of insatiate Tools:
In the Dark I Decoy many times a rich Fop,
That has ten times a Handsomer Spouse in his Shop,
I Ramble in Fleet-Street oft times with Success,
Where I pass for a Shopkeepers Wife by my Dress,
Nay, once in the Strand, I was hotly attack'd,
By a J-- of P---, tho his Credit was Crack'd;
Oh Madam! (quoth he) Since your Husband's my Friend,
I hope I may now on your Favours depend,
Grant me but a Trifle, my Meaning you know,
And with that he fell Groaping of something below;
But while the old Cuff was a hunting for pleasure,
I div'd in his Pocket and got all his Treasure;
The booty obtain'd, I then bid him jogg on
To a place where I promis'd to meet him anon:
While I like a perfect and through pack'd Jilt,
March'd off and secur'd the Justices Guilt:
When as on a sudden his Money was missing,
He Swore he'd pay'd damnable dear for his Kissing;



But

But here was the Cream of the Jest of the matter,
 He took me to be an Old Alderman's Daughter;
 And Wife to a Draper, he very well knew,
 Who Liv'd very near to the Sign of the Shoe,
 So thither he went in a hast to complin,
 And mildly requested his Money again;
 Or else (*says his Worship*) *I'll make a sad Racket,*
And tell your good Husband you've pick'd my Pocket:
 The Innocent Woman Enraged at the Wrong,
 Began her Defence, with the force of her Tongue:
 And call'd in her Husband, who hearing the Scuffle,
 Told him, *he was a Rogue to abuse his dear Wife;*
 And presently gave him a blow with his Cane
 Which put his grave Worship to very great pain;
 The Blood from his Noddle ran trickling down,
 While the *Draper* affrighted him still with a frown:
 So away he was forced to trudge in all hast,
 As fearing a second hand kindness to Tass;
 And now they're at Law in abundance of Trouble,
 But little do think, *I his Worship did Bubble.*
 A thousand such tricks and intrigues I could tell ye,
 And what sad misfortunes has lately befall me;
 How unhappy Wedlock made me as I am,
 For my *Husband* was only a Cloak for my Shame -
 And tho he was Jealous, *I* always decoy'd him,
I wheedled him so that at last *I* destroy'd him;
I sent him a Packing, and then at my call,
My Collies and *I*, play'd the Devil and all;
 Yet still *I* pretended, like Whores that are witty,
I lived as Chast as the best in the City:
 And tho it was plain, by my impudent Carriage,
I little esteem'd of the Vows of my Marriage;
 Yet still to keep up what *I* told you before,
I could not endure the Name of a Whore:
 Nay, even my Gallant, that kept me in fee,
 I made him believe *I* Lov'd no Man but he;
 All this *I* maintain'd, while he was in my sight,
 But like Death it self, refus'd none in the Night;

While each single Coxcom believ'd me their own,
 I sometimes was common to all the whole Town;
 And tho late in the Night to my Lodgings I came,
 I had always excuses to plead for the same,
 Altho I came just Piping Hot from the Game.
 The last of my Rambles I cannot forget;
 Tother Night near the Change with a Gallant I met,
 With abundance of Cringes, and humble submissions,
 He tendered his Service on certain Conditions;
 The Coyness I show'd push'd him on like a Devil,
 When Tempting a Saint to some desperate Evil;
 I took the good Hint, and kept up my design,
 And told him I scorn'd to be brib'd by his Whim;
 Then bid him give over and not be so free,
 For I was not the Woman he took me to be;
 Which wrought the effect, just as I would have it,
 For the thing that I wanted he presently gave it;
 The Gold was no sooner conceal'd in my hand,
 But all of a sudden was at his Command.
 We went to a Tavern the Game to compleat,
 And ended our joy, at the Charge of a Treat;
 This very same Act which he count'd a Joy,
 Serv'd only his Comfort and Ease to destroy.
 For the very next Day to his Mortification,
 The Dregs of his Pleasure caus'd dismal Vexations,
 Sad Pains in the Groine, and the Parts most affected,
 And encreas'd more and more, as the place was neglected;
 Ob! Woman (quoth he) thou deluder of Man,
 The worst of all Plagues that on Mortals began,
 Who join'd with the Serpent to ruin Mankind,
 And yet we are still so confoundedly Blind;
 As not avoid your Delusions and Chains,
 That brings still upon us such damnable Pains;
 Such Troubles and Plagues, (give the Death his due)
 He hardly can send us so many as you.
 Thus having Exclaimed against me in vain,
 He was forc'd to submit to his Anguish and Pain,
 While I Laught at the Fool, and his fatal Misthap,
 And wish'd him much Joy of his Frenchified Clap:
 Then pray take Example by others Undoing,
 And let not a Pocky young Whore be your Ruine.